

# Angus Corbly's Captivity

A Story of Early Indian Life and Adventure in the Territory Northwest of the Ohio River.

BY A WRITER OF MARSHALL COUNTY.

## CHAPTER 9. ON THE ST. MARY'S. (Continuation)

They were conducted in pompous state to a large cabin of logs and seated themselves on the ground in solemn silence, at the head of the room, where the trader sat, the other invited guests being ranged on either side and the squaws lingering in proper humility at the outside of the door. All being seated the host handed his pipe to the chief, who took a whiff and passed it along, no word being spoken while it made the circuit of the room and was returned to its starting point, then the trader arose and made a speech of welcome in the Indian style in which he called the Mohicans his children and praised their prowess as warriors and hunters; to which Tullihah responded appropriately and declared that he was a loyal son to his distant father, the King of France, and would shortly return to the east and make the hated English tremble.

The preliminaries duly discharged, the feast was served and presently the gloomy etiquette of the occasion yielded to good cheer and all was joy and merriment by the time the liquor began its rounds. Then followed the dance, in which the Frenchmen joined as heartily as the Indians, leaping and yelling with the delighted squaws, until the half-crazed dancers were overcome by their deep potations and crept into the shadows to sleep. Angus witnessed such proceedings with mingled emotions of regret and astonishment, for he had seen nothing of a similar character at Carlisle and he felt a dim suspicion that the trader's excessive hospitality might have some motive other than mere good will.

On the morrow the red men returned in gloriously but yet grandly to their camp and after suffering the pangs of thirst as long as they could endure it they gathered up some furs and went to the post to exchange them for a supply of liquor. The trader met them cordially, made the exchange with a great air of liberality and threw in some glittering medals and bright ribbons for good measure, flattering and cajoling the simple-minded barbarians and whispering friendly warnings against the evil designs of the English. From day to day the story was the same, each trade bringing less whisky for the skins bartered, until at length the fruits of the winter's hunt were exhausted and the supply of whisky ceased for want of the means to purchase more.

In the meantime other movements were in progress at Kikeonga and new interests arose to engross the attention of its inhabitants. As spring advanced Indian hunting parties came in with increasing frequency and French coureurs des bois passed to and fro, stopping at the village for a week's diversion whenever they came within reach. As soon as the ice was safely out of the way a little garrison of French soldiers came from Detroit, or Pontchartrain, as it was known at first, guiding their bateaux down the swift current of the Detroit river, around the edge of the lake to the mouth of the Maumee and up that crooked and swollen stream through the rapids to the palisaded fort at its head. There being little or no danger at this point from English or Indians the time hung heavily upon these vivacious soldiers and their days were given to hunting and fishing, target shooting, gambling, rioting and drunkenness and an occasional rather dangerous flirtation with the young belles of the Indian camps. Other companies of soldiers were expected later on their way down to the Wabash posts at Ouatatonon and Vincennes and new traders were already making their way in the same direction.

The flood of life about him and the ever-changing excitement was of intense interest to Shining Red Hair, but he was less happy in it than he had been in the woods. He was faithful to his friends but was powerless to restrain their wasteful excesses during their protracted spree. He kept a close watch upon affairs at the camp and did all he could to promote the comfort of the poor wretches he had learned to love, but in their drunkenness they gave him poor protection against the indignities put upon him by the other Indians and the Frenchmen, who hated him because of his nationality and lost no chance to insult or beat him. He longed for the time to come when Tullihah would decide to return to the Muskingum for the corn planting; Tullihah, however, had managed badly and had wasted his barter without securing the powder and ball and other supplies that were necessary, and he lingered along in the maudlin

hope that something would turn up to put him in better trim. From the Maumee to the head of the Wabash there was a portage of a few miles over which the canoes and stores were carried through the woods and during the busy season of travel there was much demand for men to perform this work. Tullihah and his proud warriors, with great reluctance, came at last to accept employment as carriers and thus they redeemed their fallen fortune by doing menial labor for the goods they had thought to purchase with the proceeds of the chase.

Angus threw himself into the new work with high satisfaction, foreseeing a speedy departure for the cornfields where he hoped for a happier and more tranquil life. On a day he never forgot he was trudging along the thickly shaded path of the portage, his heavy pack supported by a broad band across his forehead and hanging back over his shoulders, when of a sudden he was tripped by a pole thrust before his feet from a screen of brush at the side and as he sprawled upon the ground under his load half a dozen Indians leaped upon him and pinioned him securely. He was quickly stripped of his burden and forced to run with his captors out of ear-shot from the path, where a stop was made long enough to rifle the pack of such of its contents as they wanted and hide the remainder, and then the march was directed in a westerly course and away from the portage.

The boy recognized the band as Pottawattamies whom he had seen for several days at the post while they were disposing of their furs. They had seen in him a promising young slave belonging to a tribe to which they were under no obligations and they had determined to possess him. Now they placed a heavy load upon him and jubilantly set out for home, driving him before them with many blows and threats. Tullihah did not miss his young liegeman until night and no search was made until daybreak, when it proved unsuccessful and was abandoned. The Pottawattamies, using all the arts of woodcraft to conceal their trail, pushed on, avoiding the swamps and encircling the little silvery lakes that lay in their course, camping cautiously in secluded spots at night, and keeping a sharp lookout for Miami Indians in passing through their lands on Eel river, until at length they came to their own villages on the long broad reaches of the Tippecanoe. The English slave was worn with the fatigue of the forced march and sore from the constant rain of blows he had received, and he was prostrated with grief over his changed situation, realizing that his new estate was as hopeless as any that had gone before.

The Pottawattamies were as cruel to Angus as the Mohicans had been kind, in spite of all his endeavors to please them. He was made the drudge of the squaws and was never permitted to take part in the hunting or trapping of the men or even to associate with them. He was given to eat only the garbage of the village, the entrails of the animals upon which his masters fed and such disgusting food that only pinching hunger enabled him to eat at all. In this manner he lived for four years, by which time he had attained the full stature and strength of man, and during that entire period he was not suffered to leave the region inhabited by the tribe. They roamed the dense forests of the Tippecanoe and the smaller streams to the north, chased the great herds of buffalo on the broad savannas in the valley of the Kankakee, spent one corn-season on the east bank of the beautiful Lake Mux-sen-kuck-ee, which teemed with fish and in the fall was darkened with the flocks of wild fowl that fed in the rice swamps at its margin, and all this time the war was raging far away to the east and no rumor of its varying fortunes reached the anxious ear of the captive, though the Indians were constantly told of French successes and led to believe that their French father was fighting to prevent the English king from seizing their lands and driving them out to perish of starvation or at the point of the sword.

## CHAPTER 10. THE FALL OF DETROIT.

Oswego and then Fort William Henry fell before the assaults of the French. Louisbourg and Frontenac were reduced by the English, who drove the enemy from the scene of Braddock's defeat and renamed the fort after Pitt. Montcalm held fast at Ticonderago while British boats bathed its ramparts without avail, Niagara was wrested from the French

and Ticonderago and Crown Point were abandoned to the English without battle. The desperate enterprise of General Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham before Quebec was crowned with success, at the cost of the lives of the opposing generals, and the war was over. Canada, with all its dependencies, was surrendered to the British crown. By the treaty of peace subsequently concluded at Paris the right of the English was confirmed to all that magnificent empire between the Mississippi and the Alleghenies. The great, prolific wilderness, then a hunting-ground and battle-field for hordes of savages but now a vast amphitheatre for all the arts of civilization, was saved to the British flag to become ultimately a part of the great and powerful republic.

The western Indians had been hastily summoned to the defence of Fort Niagara and after their repulse at that point they had returned in scattered bands to their own villages bearing the dismal tidings of French defeat, which was confirmed by the rumors of the fall of Quebec that straggled into the interior from the forts. The Indians were very angry at the threatened transfer of sovereignty and the French, bent on struggling to the last and determined to leave an uncomfortable heritage to their conquerors, told the Indians that the French king had only gone to sleep and would some day wake up and drive the arrogant Englishmen into the sea. Meantime, the red allies were encouraged to assemble at Detroit where, they were led to understand, a final stand would be made against the hated enemy, and the family by which Angus was enslaved went on this errand, taking him with the squaws and children.

The journey was made hurriedly, by way of the Maumee river route, and was completed in September, 1760. In their canoes the Indians, now quite a company, paddled slowly upwards along the low western bank of the Detroit until they had passed the little estuary or bayou at the mouth of the Red River and then they landed on a piece of high ground by the side of a creek and partly surrounded by marsh where a considerable village of Indian lodges was already established. Small cottages, each with its little garden and orchard surrounded by a neat picket fence, extended down the margin of the river to this point and beyond them the flag of France could be seen floating in the breeze, almost for the last time. On the opposite side of the broad stream the Canadian houses reached still further to the south and for eight miles or so both sides of the river were lined with the comfortable little dwellings of the French habitants, who delighted in their fruits, vegetables and flowers. The central part of this isolated settlement, on the west bank, was given over to the bark-roofed log buildings within the stained and weather-beaten stockade of the fortification proper, around which the town was clustered, further protected by another palisade of more recent construction. Within the outer circle of the palisade there were closely packed about a hundred houses, some of them stores but mostly dwellings.

Here, aloof from the great outer world, the French Canadians led a joyous life, filled with social pleasures during the long winters and exuberant with feasting and dancing, gambling and carousing during the more exciting months of the warm season, and care sat but lightly upon them. Adventurers all of them, else would not they have been at this distant outpost of civilization; with little to fear from their fierce neighbors and with forest, marsh and stream teeming with game, wild fowl and fish, the colonists laughed at their hardships and readily forgot their sorrows.

The fortified portion of Detroit was nearly square and the stockade surrounding it was about twenty-five feet high, at each corner there was a substantial wooden bastion and over each of the gateways a frowning block-house, pierced for rifles, guarded the approach. The streets were narrow and neither straight nor level and surrounding the town just inside the palisade there was a broad cleared way known as the Chemin du Ronde. There was a quaint little church besides the military and private buildings, most of them built of logs and roofed with straw thatch or sheets of bark. The fortification did not extend quite to the river but a gate opened in that direction and a water bastion overlooked the shore, which was always lined with canoes and batteaux, and such sailing craft as might be anchored in front of the town. The place was then the metropolis of the great west and enjoyed a large and profitable trade in furs, peltries and other products of the vast region of which it was the center, the communication with the eastern markets being by way of the great lakes.

Having won the victory in the great war, the English were not slow in claiming the fruits. Major Robert Rogers was selected to take possession of Detroit and the western posts and after a weary voyage of forty-six days from Montreal with a detachment of two hundred rangers in whaleboats he appeared before the town to perform his duty. The news of his

coming had preceded him and Captain Beletre, the French commandant, angrily resolved to struggle to the last moment, had sought in vain to arouse the fury of the Indians, who, however, influenced by Pontiac, declined to participate in the approaching ceremony otherwise than as passive spectators. The doughty French captain thus abandoned by his allies was forced to yield.

The rangers beached their boats on the Canadian side of the river and two officers with a small detachment were sent across to receive the fort. The curious Indians lounged idly by while the garrison marched out of the fort and laid down their arms, followed by the Canadian militia, and the British flag was run up in place of the lowered French colors, the first time the cross of St. George had been penetrated west of Fort Pitt. The savages were amazed that the French should yield to so small a force and they conceived a high idea of English prowess; they were still more astonished that the vanquished soldiers were not put to death but were treated with consideration instead, and they went back to their homes in the wilderness with a new estimate of the power of the victors.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SENATOR DEPEW FAVORS THE OLD PANAMA CANAL ROUTE

LONDON, Aug. 16.—France is watching with the keenest interest every development in the Nicaragua canal project, while England apparently is completely indifferent," said Senator Chauncey M. Depew. Mr. Depew, who has spent five weeks in Paris and London, sails for America tomorrow. He has taken special pains to ascertain the sentiment in the two countries regarding all public questions, but especially the canal matter.

"There is a small army of French investors who parted with their money in the Panama canal scheme," continued Mr. Depew. "They put \$150,000,000 of their money into it. Admitting that \$50,000,000 was lost through corruption, they claim that there has been \$100,000,000 of solid work done on the canal and the stockholders, who are numerous enough to upset any French government, are now demanding that the state finish the work which was begun with their money. This the United States could not permit. While our nation has only the most friendly feelings for the sister republic we could not but object to France building and controlling the Panama canal.

"The Panama company would gladly sell the undertaking to America, and if a reasonably cheap offer were made which came from sources worthy of consideration I, personally, would favor such a deal. The Panama route is shorter and is not liable to the volcanic disturbances prevailing in Nicaragua, Englishmen consider the questions involved academic rather than practical. I am convinced that England is ready to accept almost anything that America demands providing a way can be found of doing it gracefully. It is perfectly willing that America build and control the canal, but the government's position is embarrassing lest the liberals taunt the government supporters with giving away every shred of its rights in America.

"The continental press is also sneering, asserting that England is so busy in South Africa that it is obliged to grant any demand that the United States may make. There is no fear, however, that there will be the slightest hitch between England and America."

## Bryanism Again Rejected.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Aug. 16.—The campaign for the ticket nominated by yesterday's democratic state convention will be entirely on state issues. No mention is made in the platform of the name of William J. Bryan or free silver, imperialism and other national issues. The last legislature is condemned for the passage of rapid transit and "Ripper" bills and pronounced the most corrupt legislative body that ever convened in this country. All friends of good government are invited to join with the democracy in its efforts to "save the state from further dishonor."

## Pretorius Is Dead.

JAGERSFONTEIN, Orange River Colony, Tuesday, Aug., 15.—Commandant Pretorius, who was recently shot through the eyes, is dead.

## CAUGHT IN A CRIB

### Horrible Disaster in the Lake off Cleveland

Ten Men Lost While Many Have Thrilling Escapes From Terrible Death in the Crib and Tunnel Hundreds of Feet Below the Surface.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 15.—Fire yesterday destroyed a temporary waterworks crib two miles out in the lake, resulting in the death of at least ten men, while two others were probably fatally injured. In addition to a large number of workmen who were in the crib, eleven others were at work in the tunnel leading from it 200 feet below the bottom of the lake. As air which was pumped from the crib to supply the men working in the tunnel was cut off as a result of its destruction, it was at first supposed that these men had all perished.

Subsequently, however, nine of the men in the tunnel were rescued after heroic work upon the part of their fellow workmen.

Fire and harbor tugs, with rescuing parties on board, reached the crib soon after the flames broke out, but when they arrived the structure was a seething mass of flames and all hope of saving it was abandoned. Men could be distinguished swimming and floating in the water and shouting for help. Others were clinging to ropes which they had hitched or tied to the rafters, but the flames were burning the ropes away, while the men were stark naked, and one by one they were falling into the lake.

The tug circled around the burning crib, picking up men from the water and meantime playing heavy streams upon the flames. After an hour's hard work the flames were diminished enough so that the firemen could climb up the charred steps and fight the fire from the interior. Then the horror of the calamity was first realized. Everything was a total wreck.

While the firemen were pouring water on the flames there was a roaring furnace beneath which could not be reached. But the firemen clung to their places and fought every inch of the way until the fire was under control. After two hours of hard work five charred human bodies were found burned beyond recognition. Two were in the attitude of prayer. They must have been awakened by the fire, but could not escape.

While this was going on ways and means were being devised to reach the men imprisoned in the tunnel, whose air supply had apparently been shut off entirely by the burning of the compressed air machinery. At times it was thought that voices could be heard down below, and the life-savers and the firemen peered down with ears intent, but the sounds ceased again. At the mouth of the shaft it was like a furnace and the iron work was red-hot from the flames. The water that was thrown on it turned into steam at once.

Daniel Hartman was one of the rescued. He said that the first intimation of anything wrong was a terrific explosion, which awakened him and the others. "A fearful panic followed," he said. "Many of the men rushing from their beds and throwing themselves into the lake. I ran from my bunk and looked around and soon saw that the crib was doomed. The fire spread like lightning and there was hardly any use fighting it. It soon got too warm for me and I jumped into the water."

After a deluge of water had been thrown on the smoldering shaft entrance, a voice was heard from the bottom calling for help. "For God's sake throw down a rope, throw down a rope!" a man called.

A line was quickly dropped down the shaft and as it tightened a shout of joy went up from those about, for it was quickly observed that the man at the bottom was able to grasp it. He yelled again to the rescuers to pull him up. Slowly and carefully he was raised. His pallid face, covered with slime, his staring eyes and heaving chest, told of the horror he had gone

## The Dog Knows

That there is something wrong with his master. They have no more romps and rambles. He tries in vain to coax the listless youth from his chair.

When the lungs are diseased, physical weakness soon begins to show itself and the active outdoor life is given up. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the lungs and other organs of respiration. It cures obstinate, deep-seated coughs, bleeding lungs, emaciation and other conditions which if neglected or unsuitably treated may find a fatal termination in consumption.

"After using about five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery my boy seems to be all right," writes Mr. J. W. Price, of Osmark, Monroe Co., Ohio. "He was very bad when I commenced to give him the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' The doctors claimed he had consumption and we doctored with them until he was past walking. It has been ten months since he stopped taking your medicine and he is in good health. We are very thankful to you for saving our son."

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through in the hours he had spent in the tunnel. He was William Curry of Canton. As soon as he could gasp Curry said: "They are all at the bottom of the shaft; hurry up."

In quick succession seven others were brought up from the foul and stifling air of the tunnel. All were in a most pitiable condition. They reported that two other men were lying unconscious at the bottom of the shaft. A workman volunteered to rescue these men and he was quickly lowered into the shaft. In a few moments the unconscious men were brought up more dead than alive.

One and possibly two men are supposed to be lying dead in the tunnel too far away from the shaft to be reached.

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## Ten Tons of Iron Explode.

YOUNGSTOWN, Ohio, Aug. 19.—An explosion of ten tons of molten metal in the blast furnace department at the Ohio plant of the National Steel company yesterday, resulted in the death of three workmen and in the injury of eleven others.

The accident was the result of machinery, which controlled the ladle containing the molten mass, breaking and letting the metal drop into a vat containing water.

## A YOUNG LADY'S LIFE SAVED.

At Panama Columbia, by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Dr. Chas. H. Utter, a prominent physician, of Panama, Columbia, in a recent letter states: "Last March I had as a patient a young lady sixteen years of age, who had a very bad attack of dysentery. Everything I prescribed for her proved ineffectual and she was growing worse every hour. Her parents were sure she would die. She had become so weak that she could not turn over in bed. What to do at this critical moment was a study or me, but I thought of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and as a last resort prescribed it. The most wonderful result was effected. Within eight hours she was feeling much better; inside of three days she was upon her feet and at the end of one week was entirely well." For sale by J. W. Hees.

## Fighting in Venezuela.

SAN JUAN, Porto Rico, Aug. 15.—According to mail advices from Caracas, Venezuela, dated as recently as Aug. 10, the fighting between the Venezuelan revolutionists and President Castro's forces has been almost continuous since the battle of San Cristobal on July 29.

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